Vol. VI. Numb. 22

THE OBSERVATOR.

Of the Foreign News. Of the Confederates entering Dauphiny. *Of attacking* Naples. *Of* St. Jannary's *Head: Its Sweating, as an ill Omen. The* Rehearſer *turns Warriour, and gives a Challenge. Some Remarks on him, and the High-Church Faction.*

From Wednesday, May 14. to Saturday, May 17. 1707.

Country-m. MAſter, if you pleaſe, we will look a little abroad this Time, and ſee what is done, and likely to be done, on the Theatre of *Mars* this Campaign.

Obſ. If you will look over the News, and tell me what 'tis you want to talk of, I will make ſuch Obſervations as may ſeem ſuitable.

Country-m. I find the *French* King is much diſturb'd at the Reſolution taken by the Allies to enter Dauphiny; he'll do every Thing to prevent it; he will give the Duke of *Savoy* the Country call'd *Savoy*; he'll give I don't know what, to I don't know who.

Obſ. 'Tis too late, *Roger*; reſtoring of Charters, ſignify'd nothing when the Prince of *Orange* was come to *Windſor*. The Charters then would come home of themſelves.

Country-m. At the ſame Time *Dauphiny* is invaded, a Body of ten thouſand Men are to enter *Naples*, in order to reduce that Kingdom: But I find the Miniſters of the Allies are againſt that Project, and would have the whole Strength employ'd in *Dauphiny*; which if once ſubdu'd, *Naples* muſt fall of Courſe. What think you of that, Maſter?

Obſ. I think the Miniſters of the Allies are in the right on't. But don't you remember, that a while ago at *Naples* the Head of St. *Jannary*'s Image did ſweat at a ſtrange Rate, which the Prieſts ſaid was a Declaration, that in a ſhort Time that Kingdom would be conquer'd? Which frighted all the People, and they wait for it with Impatience. Now, you know the Wooden Saint may ſweat his Heart out, and nothing be done, if the Troops don't come: And is it not better to want ten thouſand Men in *Dauphiny*, than to have a Scandal brought on the Loggerhead of St. *Jannary*? Which, if *Naples* be conquer'd this Year, 'twill be the moſt renown'd Nodle in *Europe*; and you don't know what a power of Money the roguy Prieſts will get by that extraordinary Block. All the good Women, nay, the very chriſome Children, will creep to ſee ſo miraculous an Image; an Image that has wrought ſuch great Wonders, is a good Revenue to the Lubbers of Holy Church.

Do'ſt not ſee, *Roger*, they have got a Victory in *Spain*, after the Weeping of the Bleſſed Lady? Is not that enough to encourage an Attempt upon *Naples*, after the Signal of Succeſs given by St. *Jannary*?

Country-m. Maſter, I can't believe, that the Great General Prince *Eugene* will take a Loggerheaded Image for his Privy Councellor. Bleſs me! that Men ſhould ever be led away with ſuch ſtrange Notions, as if Stocks of Wood could tell the future Events of Things.

Obſ. I proteſt, *Roger*, I can ſee no other Reaſon for attacking *Naples* at this Time, but purely to oblige St. *Jannary* and the Prieſts.

Country-m. But, Maſter, then this is the oddeſt War that ever I knew; the Saints are at Odds, and every Body is at Odds; there's the Image of the bleſſed Virgin in *Spain*, ſhe weeps for the Duke *D'Anjou*, and by her powerful Influence has got him a Battail; St. *Jannary* he ſweats on t'other ſide, and will deliver up *Naples*. Now, theſe Saints, tho' they are of the ſame Religion, are of different Parties, and will make it a Holy War, whether we will or no. But they are wooden Saints, and none but Blockheads will take Notice of their Sweating, or Crying, or Bleeding; when once they come to Speak, then I'll hearken to 'em.

Obſ. Roger, we may laugh, and make Sport at theſe Enthuſiaſtick Whims, theſe idle Stories of Saints, but they have done too much Miſchief in the Chriſtian World. How have the Papiſts often fought in Defence of their wooden Gods, when the Prieſts have carry'd them before the Army? The ſame Bigotry reaches the Sea too: In Fight, they dreſs up the God in the moſt gorgeous Apparel, for two Reaſons; firſt, That the God may pray, or rather witch for them; and, ſecondly, To ſhow the Sailors how much they are concern'd to fight for ſo fine a Saint or God. Every little Veſſel belonging to the Popiſh Countries, have a Saint on Board, as its *Tutelar*.

Country-m. Sure our *London* Barbers are very Religious Fellows, they have a Power of Saints looking out of their Shops, with fine Perriwigs on their Heads; and then the Sempſtreſſes in *Pater-Noſter-Row*, they have got Female Loggerheads, with Union Topknots upon 'em: And if theſe People could but perſwade the Folk, that their Loggerheads were Saints, and could do Miracles, it would be more worth to them, than their Trades, than weaving of Hair, or dreſſing of Heads. —— Maſter, I would have the *Rehearſer* go to the Wars, and carry ſome of our High-Church Saints along with him.

Obſ. High-Church is without Saints; they'll never fill their Calender, but with ſuch as dy'd Martyrs to *Venus* and *Bacchus*, or have taken their Flight from a Branch of *Paul Lorrain*'s Tree. But why muſt *Leſley* go to the Wars?

Country-m. Becauſe I perceive he is preparing for it.

Obſ. How ſo, Man?

Country-m. He ſays he ſhall have a *fine Stroke* on Saturday next, and bids his Country-man gird on his *Armour* cloſe.

Obſ. What, is he going to fight his Country-man?

Country-m.

Country-m. You know he's the *Quixot* of High-Church, and his Country-man is his 'Squire, and so, I suppose, *Sancho Pancha* is to gird on his Armour in Defence of his Master.

Obs. But he should have given a formal Challenge, according to the Custom of his Brethren at *Hockley i' th' Hole.*

Country-m. How's that, Master? Pray give him the Form, that he mayn't be wanting against next Time; his Back is up, and he cocks his Chin for the Battail.

Obs. Why, *Roger*, he should have printed thus:

"I *James Lesley*, a Native of *Ireland*, Knight of the most noble Order of the Bog, and "Master of the Science of Defence, do hereby "challenge to encounter at the following Exercises and Weapons, *viz. Sword and Dagger, Back-Sword and Gimblet, Case of Knives "and Forks, Blood-Bowl and Cleaver, Bow-String and Halter, Long Spoon and Custard, "Chuck and Span-Farthing, Push-Pin and "Taw, or at any other Noble Exercise or "Weapon*; Whomsoever shall dare to meet "me at my Landlord's, the Wharfinger's, at "*Stratford*, on Saturday next, being the 17th "of this Instant *May*, and then and there shall "pretend to justify the Queen's Right as *Head "of the Church*, or shall oppose the *high Authority* of the *Lower House of Convocation*, "or shall deny the flaming flagrant Doctrines "of *Passive-Obedience and Non-Resistance*, or "shall say, That the *Revolution* was no *Rebellion*; and, That the *Union* betwixt *England* and *Scotland*, is for the *common Good* "of both Kingdoms; I challenge any such "Person to meet me at the Time and Place a-"foresaid, desiring a clear Stage, and from "his Hand no Favour.

Lilliburlero Bullen a la."

Country-m. Aye, Master, this is something like; methinks our High-Church Champions, who are so much for Modes and Ceremonies, should mind all these Punctilio's of Decency! But, Master, what do you think he'll be upon? It will be a fine Stroke, he says.

Obs. Without doubt, *Roger*; a fine *Irish* Stroke too.

Country-m. But who d'ye think he'll strike at.

Obs. I will lay thee a Wager, at the Queen and her Government. The same Hand still; he will not leave his old Wont.

Country-m. Master, he thinks it safer to write against the Queen, than her Ministers; 'tis his Post to write against her; and then there are others of the Faction employ'd to write against the Ministry. You know the Queen publish'd her Declaration, as the Lords did their Resolutions, that the Church of *England* was in no Danger under her Majesty's Administration: But the *Rehearser* tells you 'tis false, and asserts the contrary, that the Church is in Danger, and insulted; and threatens us all with a High-Church Army as soon as the War is over: And meeting with no Prosecution, as others have done upon that Account, he persists in his Impudence.

As to the Reflections on the Ministry, that is left to the Cabal of *Memorialists*, which consists of the Toppers of the Party; these are under Covert; the Printers and Booksellers take the Libels upon themselves, and undergo, in the Author's Stead, the Charge and Penalty of the Law.

Obs. Aye, *Roger*, could it be come at, an Account of what Money the Faction has pay'd to keep off Prosecution, would be of great Use.

Country-m. They are true and generous to one another, I must needs say that of them; but this has been their Ruin. They have help'd one another so long, that they can't help themselves. They are in the same Circumstances with their grand Master, the *French* King, Bankrupts. And as he depends upon the *Spanish West Indies* for a Recruit, so the Dependance of the Faction is upon the Varsities, from thence the *Rehearser*, and other Slaves of the Faction, are enabl'd to chew the Cud of Comfort; but in a short Time I don't question but the Varsity-Bills will be as bad as their Master's Mint-Bills.

Obs. Indeed, *Roger*, 'tis worthy Notice, how this Faction subsists; their Papers don't pay for their own Charge, and yet the Authors are better provided for, than any of those who write for the Government; who, instead of being encourag'd and countenanc'd, are put to Charge by Persecutions.

Country-m. Riddle me Riddle me Ree; what I see, I won't tell thee. But, Master, after all, suppose the *Rehearser* intends to fight you on Saturday next.

Obs. He has done that often enough already to no Purpose.

Country-m. But for fear he should, is it not convenient that I should gird on my Armour close, as well as his *Country-man.*

Obs. Aye, do *Roger*, when the Time comes.

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